

the sECURITY of sECLUSION

we six subtle characters are victims of society
attempting to support our mental sobriety
we are escaping from our crumbled home
searching for the castle of sugar-coated chrome
we journey for joy of our own volition
we are to travel united on our bold expedition
our occult world of art, drugs, and sex
is esoteric, clandestine, and the apex of complex
we possess everything we will ever need
our secret aspirations will finally succeed
no longer to be maliciously misconstrued
we are to wallow in the solace of solitude
our souls are safe, saturated, and naked
each moment is waves of elation so sacred
all of our previous efforts prove futile
so now we shall utilize our lucid guile

the most potent of the pack is a poet
and he knows someday everyone will know it
he suffers profoundly from perpetual self-deceiving
always giving greatly more than receiving
his eyes are glowing of an emerald green
his body libidinous, starved, and lean
looking for a lover, a reason to exist
only with atonement can he possibly persist
he scars himself by saying not enough too much
with truth he kills spirits so remains out of touch

and there was the honey-dripping harlot
her lips were lush, sweet, and scarlet
she had an abundance of opulent lovers
the most beautiful beast under covert covers
but if you can believe it or not
she could conjure the deepest thought
she could discern where she did not belong
and seep out a seductive mellifluous love song
but she denied any shame in her occupation
because she knew the basic elements of satiation
endowing others with pleasure made her real
shocking was the electric of her orgasmic zeal

and of course the melancholy musician
with his despondent suicidal disposition
he only found his comfort in fools
he only broke himself, never the rules
his hair hanging, hovering over his eyes
his love now erected and on the rise
yes if reclusive he conceives he can cope
he is lifted by this novel hope
heroin replaced with hemp-filled cigarettes
away from family and away from the marionettes

and there was the yearning virgin nun
who had finally realized her living oblivion
she could not negate her heart loaded with lust
she desired to be fused before returning to dust
she wore tiny freckles upon her soft ivory skin
she was partial to the poet so he penetrated hymen
and through her tender strands of sand
carefully caressing her velvet in his hand
and now addicted to this coital contact
with god she composes a modern vibrant pact

we are accompanied by the energetic screenwriter
hollywood had attempted to pull his brain tighter
but he is bursting with veracity and vim
those bastards cannot drain his ideas dim
he wears no distinct pride for being negro
he just covets to dream beyond the pseudo
boundaries placed upon his brothers
he kisses anyone who fondles his druthers
and then stimulates his soaring psyche
bringing him bliss incessantly so brightly

and at last there was the nymphal nurse
with suppressed sentiments to disperse
she tired quickly of her redundant routine
needing an oasis to sustain placid and serene
luckily her Buddhist heritage was no hindrance
in her quest for freedom and independence
she tilted her dainty red face towards the sky
now only when she floods has she cause to cry
she is open to practice the tricks of her tongue
she is happy to be vivid, fervent, and forever young

so we now will depart adhering to our dreams
with nothing to lose or at least so it seems
and now we see the sun spilling over the brim
so through these waters of destiny we will swim
we will tread through the tides of tranquillity
we shall obtain our equilibrium and felicity
coalescence is the essence of our consummation
our passions flourish in our consolidation

Ian Michael Sigmon